

Ruth B. Kerley 2



The Hamiltonian



Halloween Number
OCTOBER - 1925

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The HAMILTONIAN

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

October (poem)	<i>Ruth Bancroft</i>	2
EDITORIALS—Posture	<i>Dorothy Bancroft</i>	3
Our Library	<i>Wayne Hobbs</i>	4
LITERARY—The Turning of the Trick	<i>Katherine Malone</i>	4
The Haunted House		5
My Mother's System of Cooking	<i>Margaret Rutherford</i>	6
October's Bright Blue Weather	<i>Kathryn L. Lamson</i>	7
School Spirit	<i>Beatrice Edmondson</i>	7
SCHOOL NOTES		8
ALUMNI NOTES		10
SMILES WE PASS ALONG		11
SPORTS		13

OCTOBER

I

October is the time for fun,
The month of joy for everyone;
The leaves are turning brown and red
With air so frosty overhead.

III

And now the week-end comes along
And also come the nut campaigns,
While over fields and over brooks
The children rush to favorite nooks.

V

The frost now nips the chestnut burrs,
And takes from them their coat of furs.
He leaves them fallen on the ground
By gleeful children to be found.

II

Jack Frost now starts his winter's work.
And from that work he'll never shirk.
He rises early every morn
To bite the squash and brown the corn.

IV

The bright leaves rustle at their feet,
While overhead from swaying seat
The squirrels scold the whole day through,
And leap and bound and work some, too.

VI

The joys of Hallowe'en are near,
And there are many plans to hear
For parties and for other fun
And now its time they were begun.

VII

And so October does arrive,
For work and pleasure all must strive.
It brings us work, it brings us play,
We welcome it in every way.

Ruth Bancroft, '26

EDITORIAL

POSTURE

HAVE you noticed the Posture Charts that have been recently posted in various class rooms and hall-ways? If you haven't, don't neglect to do so, as these charts are very interesting. For now we form our habits, and how easy it is when we are accustomed to any convenient position to develop spinal curvature or a narrow, slumped chest which crowds the lungs, thus weakening their power to protect us from ever present germs. So from the stand-point of health let us observe good posture.

Then in seeking positions in life, how important is the personal appearance! Clothes worn by an ill carried figure do not impress those in the business world nearly as strongly as those who by their posture suggest self-con-

fidence and ability to cope with difficult problems. And so in the business world good posture becomes a necessity for success.

While our muscles are still pliable, why not develop correct posture as a habit so that it becomes second nature to us?

Let us adopt, both for the appearance of our school and our personal benefit, the slogan, "Sit straight—stand erect." The results will before long begin to show forth.

Don't overlook the posture posters in the corridors. The "Hamiltonian" recommends that every pupil who hopes to ever be anybody worth while will read the following jingle carefully and try to keep it in mind.

—DOROTHY BANCROFT.

ODE TO POSTURE

Good posture is an asset
Which very few possess,
Sad to relate, the favored ones
Seem to be growing less.

We see the folks around us
All slumped down in a heap
And the way that people navigate
Is enough to make you weep.

Some elevate their shoulders,
Some hollow in their backs,
Some stiffen up their muscles,
And some just plain relax.

The one who walks with grace and poise
Is a spectacle so rare
That even down on gay Broadway
The people turn and stare.

If you would cut a figure
In business, sport or school
Just mind the Posture precepts—
Obey the Posture rule.

Don't thrust your head out turtlewise,
Don't hunch your shoulders so,
Don't sag and drag yourself around,
No style to that you know.

Get uplift in your bearing
And strength and spring and vim,
No matter what your worries
To slouch won't alter them.

Just square your shoulders to the world;
You're not the sort to quit.
It isn't the load that breaks us down;
It's the way we carry it.

OUR LIBRARY

MANY fine new books have been added to the library, all of them being well worth reading. "The Outline of Science," a story of Mother Nature's wonderful creations, should be read by every pupil. In addition two new travel series, "The World's Story" and Carpenter's "World Travels," are especially interesting. All of these are written in simple and understandable language.

These are only a part of the many volumes on as many different subjects.

Fiction, as well as fine stories of discoveries in science, and tales of famous men, women and children are included. Some of the new titles are: "Life of Pasteur," "Discoveries and Inventions of the 20th Century," "Chemistry in the Service of Man," "Astronomy with

"the Naked Eye," "Chemistry of Familiar Things," "Chemistry in Industry," "Creative Chemistry," "Ten Boys from History," "Ten Girls from History," "The Story of My Life" by Helen Keller, "Stover at Yale," "Training of a Forester," "Opportunities of Today," "Choosing the Right Career," "Forest Products."

A set of Compton's New Encyclopedia will be added about the time of the publication of this issue, so that it will no longer be necessary to exhaust the knowledge of our already over-worked teachers. After all it is just as easy to read a good book as a dime novel. So patronize the library. It's worth it.

—WAYNE HOBBS.

LITERARY

THE TURNING OF THE TRICK

THE Browning children had planned wonderful things for the night of Hallowe'en, and all their ghostly apparel was stored away in the hay loft until the eventful night would come.

Tom, who was the oldest, took full charge of the other members and told them what they were to do, and how it should be done. There were four boys and one girl in the family and it was the boys' intention to frighten their little sister the first of the evening so that they would no have to have her

"tagging" after them while they played their mysterious pranks; but how they were to do this they did not know, for somehow she always found a way to know their plans and too frequently spoiled them.

The children were to be allowed to stay out until nine o'clock which, to them, was a disgustingly early hour for Hallowe'en eve. When the night finally came and the ghostly hour drew near, they were just a little timid about starting out into the weird dark-

ness. Much to their surprise it was their little sister who took the lead.

As the boys entered the barn door and approached the ladder which led up to the hayloft, they heard something, or at least they thought they did, very near the old wagon. Tom, wanting to show the others how very brave he was, started to go up to the wagon. Just as he did so something moved and made a groaning noise. Tom made a quick dash for the door through which his brothers had already gone, but to his great dismay the door was shut. The white object under the wagon moved and groaned again. Poor Tom!

What could he do? He decided to crawl into a corner of the barn, but even there he found no peace, for the white moving object with a hissing sound grabbed him by the neck. Tom screamed and collapsed into a limp heap upon the floor. Then the white thing burst into laughter. When Tom saw that it was his own sister you can imagine how relieved he was, and yet how angry and chagrined, to think that he could be so easily frightened. However, Tom was more than glad to be safe in the house once again, even if it were only a little past eight.

—KATHERINE MALONE, '26.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE

MR. MOULTON, an officer in the army, stationed at Camp Devens, was untimely called from his bed one early morning to answer the incessant ringing of the doorbell. Hurrying downstairs, he opened the front door and there stood the women who had just moved into the next house. She was greatly excited and asked if he would go over to her house and ascertain, if possible, the cause of the terrible sounds which came from the wall near the mantelpiece in her bedroom.

Quickly dressing, he hurried over to the house and went upstairs to the bedroom. And, sure enough, near the mantelpiece came a decided pounding noise similar to steam crackling in pipes. The noise would suddenly cease, but soon it would begin again. What could it be? The possibility of steam in the pipes had to be abandoned as the house was not heated by steam. After considerable investigation and accomplishing nothing towards solving the mystery, they decided to call the

police. The police thoroughly searched the house but still no evidence could be found upon which to base a theory. Towards daybreak the noise stopped and the searching party disbanded.

The next night when Mr. Moulton came home from Camp Devens, he went over to his neighbor's house to see if any clews had developed. He was accompanied by Martin Hallity, camp detective. Mr. Moulton placed his fingers on the mantelpiece and ran them up and down the board, when suddenly the wall caved in throwing him into a dark crevice, then the wall as suddenly as it had opened snapped back into place again! Mr. Moulton was violently attacked by something that was inside that niche, but after a fierce struggle in the dark and limited space, he succeeded in overcoming his assailant.

The question now was how to get out, when to his great astonishment as silently as before the wall again caved in. With the help of Mr. Hallity, Mr.

Moulton succeeded in freeing himself from the crevice. A thorough investigation revealed a hidden spring under the mantelpiece, the pressure of which caused this section of the wall to drop down. Crawling again into the hole Mr. Moulton pulled out his unconscious assailant who proved to be a man for whom the police had long been searching.

At police headquarters the man told his story. He said he had heard that the former owner who had recently died had a small safe hidden somewhere in the side of the wall. He de-

termined to enter and search for it. In doing so, he had touched the spring and as he was leaning against the wall, he was thrown into the secret chamber a prisoner, as the wall had immediately snapped back into place. He said that he had made the noises in trying to drill himself out.

He proved to be the long looked for burglar connected with a big theft in a nearby city, and each member of the "detective party" was liberally rewarded. A thorough search of the haunted house, however, failed to reveal the hidden safe in the secret closet.



MY MOTHER'S SYSTEM OF COOKING

I FOUND fault sometime ago with Mary's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard pie. Mary made the pie as I told her. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Mary set it on the table every day for dinner, for you see I had forgotten to tell her to put in eggs or shortening. It was economical, but in a fit of generosity, I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a little boy in the neighborhood. Later I saw the doctor's machine stop at his house.

Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Mary anyone could beat her making those, and she said I had better try it, so I did. I got the flour, the salt, the water, and remembering from past experience, I put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. The batter did not look just right; then it dawned upon me that I had not put in any rising property. I went to the baker and got six cents' worth of yeast. After adding it to the batter, I set the pitcher behind the stove and went to bed. In the morning I got up early,

prepared to enjoy my triumph. The batter had risen all right; it had risen out of the pitcher on to the floor! By the time I had cleaned up the mess, I had seen enough of the batter without frying any, but I resolved to complete the task and show Mary how to make buckwheat cakes. So I put the griddle on and started frying the cakes.

The first stuck to the griddle; the second stuck worse than the first. Mary came down and wanted to know what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. Finally the cakes were ready. They did not seem to have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful and it satisfied me; I lost my appetite at once. Mary would not allow me to put any on her plate. In despair I threw them into the backyard. They disappeared. So also have our neighbors' cats and dogs. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to "my mother's system of cooking."

—MARGARET RUTHERFORD, '27.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

*Oh, suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.*

OVER the wooded knolls the early-setting sun sends its last mellow rays upon a scene of loveliness. The belated honey bees buzz their laden way toward their hives. Beneath the heavy grape vines the fast browning goldenrods flaunt their still colorful plumes. As the sun lingers over the red, golden, and russet ridge, a soft pit-pat is heard, the frost has loosened the silken coverings of the chestnuts and they are falling to their brown, withering, grassy bed. Far down in the meadow the

purple gentian is just pulling on its fringed nightcap, ready for a cool, frosty night. 'Neath the bare branches of the old apple tree a pile of bright-hued apples vie in shade with the woodbine on yonder wall. Over the colorful rim Old Sol at last disappears, casting a lingering look upon the falling leaves with their coats of many colors, as they silently float downward upon the late, green after-math, a warm protection, for winter waiting.

*Oh, suns and skies and clouds of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.*

—KATHRYN L. LAMSON, '28.



SCHOOL SPIRIT

We are very glad to welcome a contribution from Grade VIII, and hope to be favored with others in following issues.

GIVE to the world the best that you have and the best will come back to you, is an old saying. In school you should give the best that you have. If you wake up with a grouchy feeling in the morning, just *smile*, till you smile the grouchy feeling all away. Then when you go to school make people be glad to see you.

Enter in the games, if you compete with other schools, and help your school to win. If you do not win be a cheerful loser, but just resolve that you will work so hard in the game that your school will be the winning one the next time.

In your home room organization, don't sit down and listen to others make suggestions. Get up yourself and give some of your ideas. Be an "ac-

tive" member, not a "non-active" one.

When plays are given by your class room in assembly, take part in them. If you think you can't remember your part, resolve you *will* and you'll get along.

Let your classmates be glad to have you go to their school. Make them be proud of you.

When your school work is given out, do it. Make *your* school ahead of all other schools. Make people know that your school exists and is one of the foremost schools. Don't let it be called just "a little school." Let people be able to point it out and say *that's* the school that won *such* a game or contest.

When you go away from home, let people think that the school you go to must be a fine school if they are all as pleasant as you.

Be a good representative of your school. —BEATRICE EDMONDSON,
Junior High II.



SCHOOL NOTES

HIGH SCHOOL SOCIAL

ON October 2, 1925, the Senior Class held the first social of the school year. The main purpose was to initiate the Freshmen. The party began at 7.30 p. m. with an attendance of seventy-five high school pupils. There were two guests present, Miss Salome Withee and Allan MacCurrach, both graduates of the class of 1925. Mr. Watson, Mrs. Bush, Mrs. Boyd and Miss MacRae acted as chaperones.

The program was started by a selection sung by Miss Muriel Pentz, accompanied on the piano by Miss Violet Mason. This was followed by unexpected and very unique talent displayed by Leroy Doucette on the mouth organ. The applause which demanded several encores proved the popularity of the artist.

Seasonable stunts were the next amusements. One exceptionally funny was arranged thus,—two pair of Freshmen were blindfolded and then seated on the floor opposite each other. Then each was given a bowl of flaked bran and were told to feed his partner. If you want to know how easy it is just

try, as one of the Freshmen said, "It's hard enough to feed your own mouth blindfolded let alone somebody else's." After this all the Freshmen were requested to stand and take the oath of loyalty which made them members of the Senior high school. The oath ran as follows: I pledge my loyalty to the Hamilton high school; first, to be faithful in my studies; second, to support class activities; third, to respect and obey the faculty; and fourth, to obey my upper classmates and help them in every possible way.

It being an October party, appropriate refreshments of sandwiches, apples, doughnuts and sweet cider were served. The party terminated at 10.30 and was declared a thorough success.

—WILLIAM LASKI, '26.



“HAMILTONIAN” CONTEST

THIS year, as well as last, there is a prize contest open for the "Hamiltonian" subscriptions. This contest includes both Junior and Senior High Schools. The pupils are divided into two teams, the "Early Birds" and the

"Angle Worms." The team receiving the smaller number of points is required to feed the winning team either bars of chocolate or lollypops. The individual receiving the highest number of points is to be awarded a silver Eversharp pencil. Other prizes are, two tickets to the Senior Hallowe'en dance, one pound box of candy, and two free "Hamiltonian" subscriptions.

The team captains for the contest are: "Early Birds," Ruth Cullity; "Angle Worms," William Allen. The team advisor for the "Early Birds" is Miss McRae, and for the "Angle Worms" Miss Hayward.

Last year the teams responded with splendid enthusiasm. We are looking forward to the same spirit this year. Be sure that you do *your* part.



CLASS OF 1926

REHEARSALS for the Senior play, "The Charm School," are well under way. The coaches, Mrs. Boyd and Miss Hayward, have been working diligently, and if the members of the cast will do their share the production will be unsurpassed. This is the first royalty play that has been given for a number of years and much enthusiasm is being shown by all. If you wish to have a good evening's entertainment, watch for the date and make sure of your ticket.

On October 30, the Seniors will hold their Hallowe'en dance. Russell's Plum Island orchestra will furnish the music. This dance is to be held at the Community House. By the way the tickets are selling a large attendance is expected.

The following have been elected as Senior class officers: Donald Trussell, president; Leroy Doucette, vice president; Katherine Malone, secretary; Gordon Hitchings, treasurer.

At last an appropriate name for the Freshmen has been found—"The Blessed Babies."

You can tell a Senior, but you can't tell him much.

If anyone knows a good remedy for bashfulness, will they kindly let some of the boys in the Senior play know it?

Now that we are back in school some of the boys are staging some "mean" comebacks.



CLASS OF 1927

AT the September class meeting the following officers were elected: Violet Mason, president; Peter MacCurraich, vice president; Ruth Cullity, secretary; Irene Pope, treasurer.

A successful candy sale was held recently in the upper hall.

We wish to take this opportunity to express our sympathy for our classmate, Norman Peatfield, who has been ill for several weeks. Speed up that recovery, Norman, and be with us once again!

Our class rings have been ordered, and now we are patiently or rather impatiently waiting their arrival.

French class: (new teacher trying to remember Miss Baldwin's name) "Miss Bartlett, please give me, etc. Oh, I beg your pardon, *Baldwin*, is it? Well, you see I remembered that it was some kind of a fruit!"

Friday evening, October 23rd, a whist party was held at the East school.

CLASS OF 1928

OUR first class meeting was held soon after the opening of school. The following class officers were elected: Mary Corcoran, president; William Allen, vice president; Helen Haraden, secretary; Doris Honeysett, treasurer.

Our first candy sale was held the last of September. Members of the committee in charge were, Mildred Baldwin, Kathryn Lamson, Rena MacEwen and Robert Robertson. The sale proved a financial success and half of the proceeds were turned over to the Athletic association.

We are hearing murmurs of a party, and also class rings, but more of these later.



CLASS OF 1929

Class officers: Edwina Trembly, president; Wilhemina Ready, vice president; Dominick DeLucca, secretary; Bessie Dunn, treasurer.

The Freshman class has had its first candy sale, and, having found it so popular and remunerative, plans to give another later.

Both the Freshman boys and girls are wanting a basketball team of their own. It is time for somebody to start something along that line.

We are glad Mrs. Boyd doesn't think it is necessary for us to begin again our A B C's. She thinks that "Parts of Speech" are near enough of kin.



CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Peter Pappas as quiet as a little mouse?

Lawrence Anderson not needing fresh air?

Leroy Doucette not at the drinking fountain between classes?

Mildred Grant with a "big, deep voice?"

Doris Honeysett not whispering in classes?

William Allen and Kathryn Lamson not making faces at each other or quarrelling over the bells?

Wayne Hobbs and Edward Honeysett without "wireless communication?"

Bernard Cullen a professor of history?

The Sophomore class attending a class meeting?

Donald Trussell not speaking to William Laski (without permission) in the first study period?

Mrs. Boyd not giving any homework in English? Or history?

A fresher Freshman, a more unsophisticated Sophomore, a more judicious Junior, or a superior Senior class? And finally a healthier, happier, more wholesome high school? We can't!!



ALUMNI NOTES

NINE members of last year's class have gone on to higher fields of learning.

Emma Baldwin and Lucy Cook are attending Salem Normal School.

Mary Peterson and Wilhemina Dodge have entered Salem Commercial School. Miss Dodge is working at Daniel Low & Co. during her spare time.

Raymond Saulnier is enrolled at Middlebury College.

Salome Withee is attending Boston University College of Liberal Arts.

Arthur Mason is studying at Dummer Academy.

Elmer Smith is taking a course at the Lynn General Electric.

Edith Back is taking a post-graduate course in a few subjects.

The remaining members have procured positions and are now pursuing many different vocations.

Doris Stone is working for Vaughn & Co. of Peabody.

Mary Saulnier has secured a position at Daniel Low & Co.

Both Allan MacCurrach and Luther Caverly are chauffeurs for prominent residents of Hamilton.

Hovey Humphrey is now on the pay

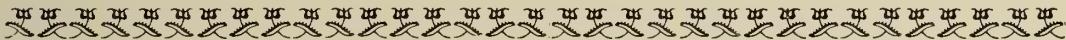
roll of the road department of the Commonwealth.

Anna Poole is working in the office of the Standard Oil Co. at Ipswich.

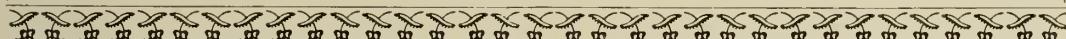
Leslie Smith is busy acquiring a tan in Florida.

Dorothy Cross, Hilda Dodge, Rose Gildart and Helen Lovering have not as yet entered the world of business.

Here's hoping that health and prosperity will follow the members of the class of 1925 in whatever walk in life their feet may tread.



Smiles We Pass Along



At a men's club meeting preparing for a concert and dance:

Mr. Winslow: I suggest we purchase a new chandelier for the hall.

Mr. Fay: (objecting) Why should we go to such an enormous expense when there's no member of the club that can play it?



Maudie: What's wrong with this car? It squeaks dreadfully.

Jimmie: Can't be helped; there's pig-iron in the axles.



Charlie: Where does the 7.35 train go, Bill?

Bill: Right after the engine.

Mr. Watson: (in chemistry) Explain why cord wood gives more heat than stove wood.

Pupil: You get hot sawing it, you get hot splitting it, and you get hot when it burns.



Griggs: The doctor said I must throw up everything and take a sea voyage.

Briggs: Got the cart before the horse, didn't he?



Teacher: Of what use are synonyms to you?

Pupil: I use a synonym when I can't spell the other word.

NOT TO BLAME

A pretty young woman tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was sorting music and in her sweetest tones asked: "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

The clerk turned around, looked at her and answered: "It must have been the man at the other counter; I've only been here a week."



A large map was spread upon the wall and the teacher was instructing the class in geography.

"Horace," she said to a small pupil, "when you stand in Europe facing the north, you have on your right hand the great continent of Asia. What have you on your left hand?"

"A wart," replied Horace, "but I can't help it, teacher."



Teacher to Boy: Write the plural of Mr.

Boy's answer: Mrs.



The bride (at the telephone): Oh, John, do come home. I've mixed the plugs in some way. The radio is all covered with frost and the electric ice box is singing "Way Out West in Kansas."

"THE MERCURY WENT DOWN"

Little girl (rushing into doctor's office): Please, doctor, come at once to father. Mother's taken 'is temperature an' it's gone down.

Doctor: That's all right, my dear—that's splendid.

Little girl: 'Tain't all right; it's gone all the way down. He's swallowed it.



WHAT'S IN A NAME

If any of you society débutantes are dissatisfied with your names, be not too hasty in changing, but harken to these which are actual cases:

John Stinker, Peter Wiggle, Mary Mouse, Sam Hill, Virginia Real, George Onion, and many others, all of whom applied to the district court to have their names changed.

Tuff Chewe was a butcher in London. C. W. Death and Philmore Graves were undertakers. The barber in the North station is Oliver Tremble. A. Butcher is the tonsorial artist in Manchester, N. H. One of Boston's lawyers goes under the name of Abel Crook.

Let us hope that these men are not what their names imply.



Helper: Doctor, the stove is red, what will I do to it?

Doctor: Put some water on it.

SPORTS

THE athletic activities in the past two years have developed immensely and should keep on their good record for several years to come.

Basketball is the foremost of the sports in Hamilton. With five of last year's team with us, and plenty of new material to draw from, the hopes of the team for the coming year are running high.

The outdoor league in basketball has been arranged differently than in previous years, owing to the vast distribution of the talented players. It has been customary to have class teams, but this year four teams have been chosen as equally as possible and named for college teams. Donald Trussell has

been elected captain of Harvard, Andrew MacCurrach of Yale, Carl Haraden of Princeton, and Houston Hughes captain of the Boston College five. The winning team will be awarded as a trophy the letters H. H. S., a reward which anyone would be proud to possess.

The athletic department wishes to make a note of the fact that four of the Hamilton boys attended the military training camp at Ayer. They were Gordon Hitchings, Elmer Smith, Andrew MacCurrach and Carl Haraden. The boys thoroughly enjoyed the camp life, and realize that their lives will be broader and better for having had that military training.

—ROGER HUMPHREY, '26.



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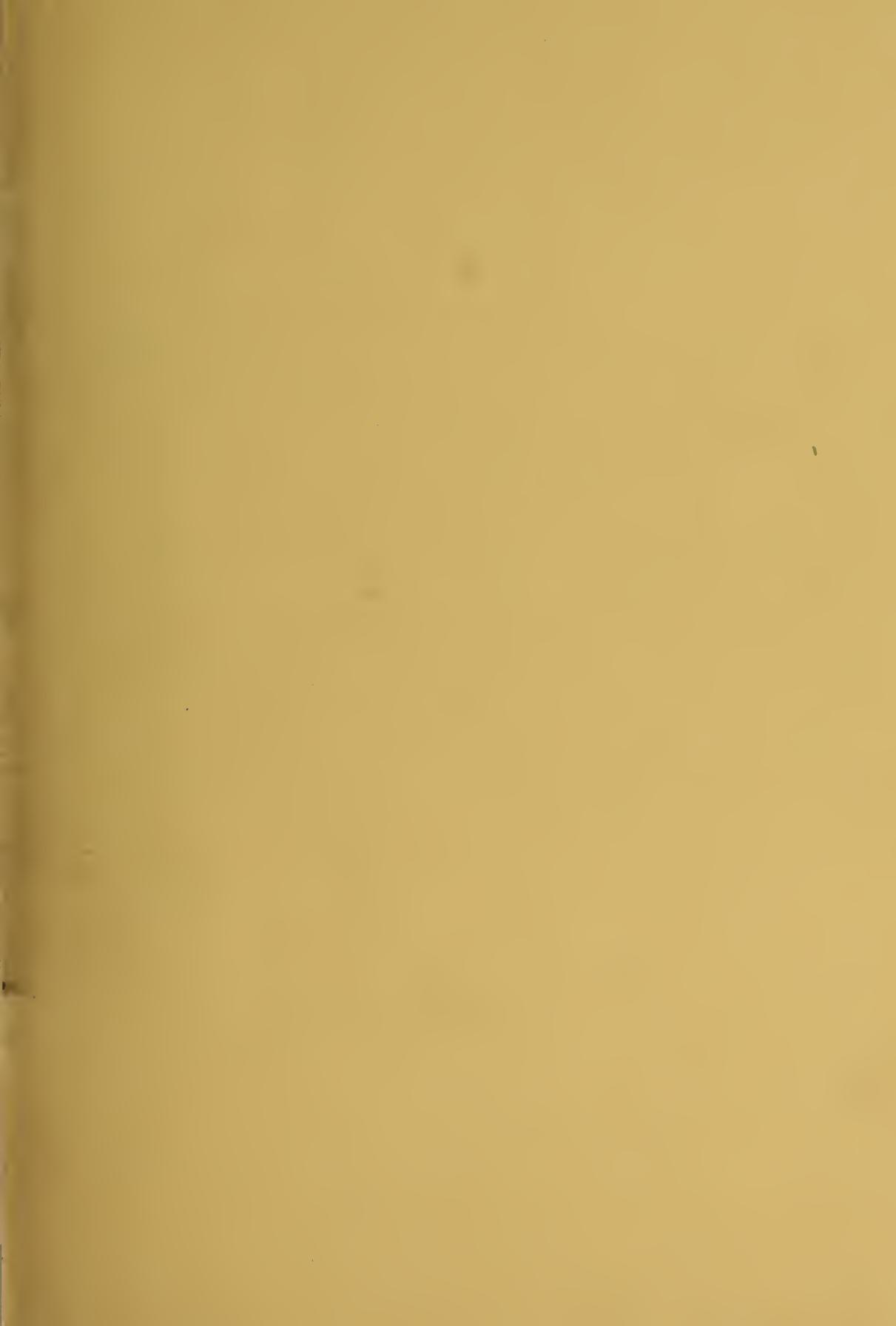
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